

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS:

THE MOST

TRAGICAL TRAGEDY

That ever was Tragediz'd by any
Company of TRAGEDIANS.

The THIRD EDITION.



L O N D O N:

Printed for JAMES ROBERTS, near the Oxford
Arms, in Warwick-Lane. 1744.

[Price Six-pence.]

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

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THE TRAGEDY



LONDON:
Printed by J. B. G. & Co. 1774
[Illegible text]

PROLOGUE.

TO Night our comic MUSE the Buskin wears,
And gives herself no small Romantick Airs ;
Struts in Heroicks, and in pompous Verse
Does the minutest Incidents rebearse ;
In Ridicule's strict Retrospect displays
The Poetasters of these modern Days :
Who with big bellowing Bombast rend our Ears,
Which, stript of Sound, quite void of Sense appears ;
Or else their Fiddle-Faddle Numbers flow,
Serenely dull, Elaborately low :
Either Extreme, when vain Pretenders take,
The Actor suffers for the Author's Sake.
The quite-tir'd Audience lose whole Hours ; yet pay
To go un-pleas'd and un-improv'd away.
This being our Scheme, we hope you will excuse
The wild Excursions of the wanton Muse ;
Who out of Frolick wears a mimick Mask,
And sets herself so whimsical a Task :
'Tis meant to please, but if it should offend,
It's very short, and soon will have an End.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Chrononhotonthologos, *King of Queerummania.*

Bombardinian, *his General.*

Aldiborontiphoscophornio,

Rigdum-Funnidos,

} *Courtiers.*

Captain of the Guards.

Herald.

Cook.

Doctor.

King of the Fiddlers.

King of the Antipodes.

Fadladinida, *Queen of Queerummania.*

Tatlanthe, *her Favourite.*

Two Ladies of the Court.

Two Ladies of Pleasure.

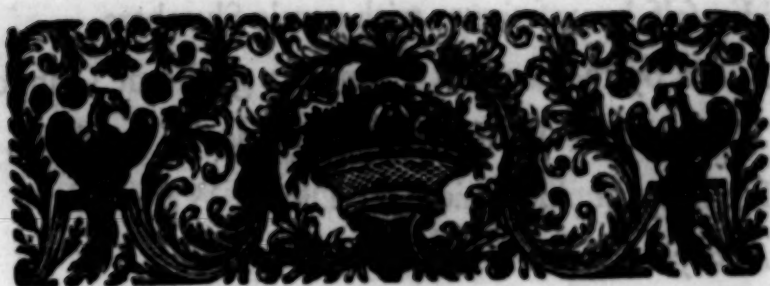
Venus.

Cupid.

Guards and Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *Queerummania.*

THE



THE
TRAGEDY
OF
CHRONONHOTOLOGOS.

SCENE,
An Anti-chamber in the Palace.

Enter Rigdum-Funnidos and Aldiborontiphosco-
phornio.

Rig-Fun. **A** *Ldiborontiphoscophornio!*

Where left you Chrononbotontologos?

Aldi. Fatigu'd with the tremendous Toils of War,
Within his Tent, on downy Couch succumbent,

Himself

Himself he unfatigues with gentle Slumbers;
 Lull'd by the chearful Trumpets gladsome Clangor,
 The Noise of Drums, and Thunder of Artillery,
 He sleeps supine amidst the Din of War:
 And yet 'tis not definitively Sleep;
 Rather a kind of Doze, a waking Slumber,
 That sheds a Stupefaction o'er his Senses,
 For now he nods and snores; anon he starts;
 Then nods and snores again: If this be Sleep,
 Tell me, ye Gods! what mortal Man's awake!
 What says my Friend to this?

Rig-Fun. — Say! I say he sleeps Dog-Sleep: What
 a Plague wou'd you have me say?

Aldi. O impious Thought! O curst Insinuation!
 As if great *Chrononhotontologos*
 To Animals detestable and vile,
 Had aught the least Similitude!

Rig. My dear Friend! you entirely misapprehend
 me: I did not call the King Dog by Craft; I was
 only going to tell you that the Soldiers have just now
 receiv'd their Pay, and are all as drunk as so many
 Swabbers.

Aldi. Give Orders instantly that no more Money
 Be issued to the Troops: Mean time, my Friend,
 Let all the Baths be fill'd with Seas of Coffee,

To

To stupify their Souls into Sobriety.

Rig. I fancy you had better banish the Sutlers, and blow the *Geneva* Casks to the Devil.

Aldi. Thou counsel'st well, my *Rigdum-Funnidos*,
And Reason seems to father thy Advice :
But, soft!——The King in pensive Contemplation
Seems to resolve on some important Doubt;
His Soul, too copious for his Earthly Fabrick,
Starts forth, spontaneous, in Soliloquy,
And makes his Tongue the Midwife of his Mind.
Let us retire, lest we disturb his Solitude.

[*They retire.*

Enter King.

King. This God of Sleep is watchful to torment me,
And Rest is grown a Stranger to my Eyes:
Sport not with *Cbrononbotontbologos*,
Thou idle Slumb'rer, thou detested *Somnus* :
For if thou dost, by all the waking Pow'rs,
I'll tear thine Eye Balls from their Leaden-Sockets,
And force thee to out-stare Eternity.

[*Exit in a Huff.*

Re-enter Rigdum-Funnidos and Aldiborontiphocophornio.

Rig. —— The King is in a most cursed Passion!
Pray who the Devil is this Mr. *Somnus* he's so angry
withal ?

Aldi.

Aldi. The Son of *Cbaos* and of *Erebus*.

Incestuous Pair! Brother of *Mors* relentless,
Whose speckled Robe, and Wings of blackest Hue,
Astonish all Mankind with hideous Glare ;
Himself, with sable Plumes, to Men benevolent,
Brings downy Slumbers and refreshing Sleep.

Rig-Fun. The Gentleman may come of a very
good Family, for ought I know; but I would not
be in his Place for the World.

Aldi. But, lo! the King his Footsteps this Way
bending

His cogitative Faculties immers'd
In Cogibundity of Cogitation :
Let Silence close our Folding-Doors of Speech,
'Till apt Attention tell our Heart the Purport
Of this profound Profundity of Thought.

Re-enter King, Nobles, and Attendants, &c.

King. —It is resolv'd—Now, *Somnus*, I defy thee,
And from Mankind ampute thy curs'd Dominion.
These Royal Eyes thou never more shall close.
Henceforth let no Man sleep, on Pain of Death:
Instead of Sleep, let pompous Pageantry
Keep all Mankind eternally awake.

[*Bid Harlequino* decorate the Stage]

With all Magnificence of Decoration :

Giants

Giants and Giantesses, Dwarfs and Pigmies,
Songs, Dances, Musick in its amplest Order,
Mimes, Pantomimes, and all the magick Motion
Of Scene *Deceptiovisfre* and Sublime.

*The King is seated under a rich Canopy, and a grand
Pantomime Entertainment perform'd, in the midst of
which enters a Captain of the Guard.*

*Capt. To Arms! to Arms! great Chrononbotontbo-
logos!*

Th' Antipodean Pow'rs from Realms below,
Have burst the solid Entrails of the Earth;
Gushing such Cataracts of Forces forth,
This World is too incopious to contain 'em :
Armies on Armies, march in Form stupendous ;
Not like our Earthly Regions, Rank by Rank,
But Teer o'er Teer, high pil'd from Earth to
Heaven ;

A blazing Bullet, bigger than the Sun,
Shot from a huge and monstrous Culverin,
Has laid your Royal Citadel in Ashes.

*King. Peace, Coward! where they wedg'd like
golden Ingots,
Or pent so close, as to admit no Vacuum ;
One Look from Chrononbotontbologos*

Shall scare them into Nothing. — *Rigdum-Funnidos*,
 Bid *Bombardinion* draw his Legions forth,
 And meet us in the Plains of *Queerummania*.
 This very now ourselves shall there conjoin him;
 Mean Time, bid all the Priests prepare their Temples
 For Rites of Triumph: Let the singing Singers,
 With vocal Voices, most vociferous,
 In sweet Vociferation, Outvociferize
 E'vn Sound itself. So be it as we have order'd.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]



SCENE

S C E N E,

A magnificent Apartment.

Enter Queen, Tatlanthe, and two Ladies.

Queen. DAY's Curtain's drawn, the Morn
begins to rise,

And waking Nature rubs her sleepy Eyes :

The pretty little fleecy bleating Flocks,

In Baa's harmonious warble thro' the Rocks :

Night gathers up her Shades in sable Shrouds,

And whispering Officers tattle to the Clouds.

What think you, Ladies, if an Hour we kill,

At Basset, Ombre, Picquet, or Quadrille?

Tat. — Your Majesty was pleas'd to order Tea,

Queen. — My Mind is alter'd ; bring some Ratafia.

[They are serv'd round with a Dram.

I have a Band of Fiddlers sent from France.

Go call 'em in. What think ye of a Dance?

Enter King of the Fiddlers at the Head of his Band.

Fid. — Thus to your Majesty, says the suppliant
Muse,

Wou'd you a SOLO or SONATA chuse ;

Or bold *Concerto* or soft *Siciliana*,

Alla Francese overo in *Gusto Romano* ?

When you Command, 'tis done as soon as spoke.

Queen. A Civil Fellow! — play us the *Black Joak*.

[Musick plays.]

[Queen and Ladies dance the Black Joak.]

So much for Dancing; now let's rest a while.

Bring in the Tea-things, does the Kettle boil?

Tat. — The Water bubbles and the Tea-cups skip,
Through eager Hope to kiss your Royal Lip.

[Tea is brought in.]

Queen. — Come Ladies, will you please to chuse
your Tea;

Or Green Imperial, or *Pekoe* Bohea?

1st Lady. — Never, no, never sure on Earth was
seen,

So gracious sweet and affable a Queen. —

2d Lady. — She is an Angel. —

1st Lady. — — — She's a Goddess rather.

Tat. She's Angel, Queen, and Goddess, altogether.

Omnes. Altogether! altogether! altogether!

Queen. — Away! you flatter me. —

1st Lady. — — — We don't indeed:

Your Merit does our Praise by far exceed.

Queen. — — You make me Blush: Pray help me
to a Fan.

1st Lady. That Blush becomes you.——

Tat. —— Wou'd I were a Man.

Queen. I'll hear no more of these fantastick Aires.

[Bell rings.

The Bell rings in: Come, Ladies, let's to Pray'rs.

[Musick plays, Queen and Ladies Dance off,

Fidlers and all.



SCENE,

S C E N E,

An Anti-Chamber.

Enter Rigdum-Funnidos and Aldiborontiphocophornio.

Rig. 'E G A D, we're in the wrong Box! Who the Devil wou'd have thought that *Chrononbotanthologos* shou'd bear that mortal Sight of *Tippodeans*? Why, there's not a Mother's Child of them to be seen 'egad, they footed it away as fast as their Hands cou'd carry 'em; but they have left their King behind 'em. We have him safe, that's one Comfort.

Aldi. — Wou'd he were still at amplest Liberty. For, Oh! my dearest *Rigdum-Funnidos*, I have a Riddle to unriddle to thee, Shall make thee stare thyself into a Statue. Our Queen's in Love with this *Antipodean*.

Rigdum. The Devil she is? Well, I see Mischief is going forward with a Vengeance.

Aldi. But, lo! the Conq'ror comes all crown'd
with Conquest!

A solemn Triumph graces his Return.

Let's

Let's grasp the Forelock of this apt Occasion,
To greet the Victor, in his Flow of Glory.

A Grand Triumph.

Enter Chrononhotonthologos, Guards and Attendants, &c. met by Rigdum-Funnidos and Aldiborontiphoscophornio.

Aldi. — All hail to *Chrononhotonthologos*!
Thrice trebly welcome to your loyal Subjects,
Myself and faithful *Rigdum-Funnidos*,
Lost in a Labyrinth of Love and Loyalty,
Intreat you to inspect our inmost Souls,
And read in them what Tongue can never utter.

Chro. — *Aldiborontiphoscophornio*,
To thee, and gentle *Rigdum-Funnidos*,
Our Gratulations flow in Streams unbounded:
Our Bounty's Debtor to your Loyalty,
Which shall with Int'rest be repaid e'er long.
But where's our Queen! where's *Fadladimida*?
She should be foremost in this gladsome Train,
To grace our Triumph; but I see she slights me.
This haughty Queen shall be no longer mine,
I'll have a sweet and gentle Concubine.

Rig. ——— (*aside to Aldiborontiphoscophornio.*)
Now, my dear little *Phoscophornio*, for a swinging Lye
to bring the Queen off, and I'll run with it to her

this

this Minute, that we may be all in a Story. Say she
has got the Thorough-go-Nimble. [Steals off.

Aldi. — Speak not, great *Chrononbotontologos*,
In Accents so injuriously severe
Of *Fadladinida*, your faithful Queen :
By me she sends an Embassy of Love,
Sweet Blandishments and kind Congratulations,
But, cannot, O ! she cannot, come herself.

King. — Our Rage is turn'd to Fear : What ails
the Queen ?

Aldi. A sudden *Diarrhæa*'s rapid Force,
So stimulates the Peristaltic Motion,
That she by far out-does her late Out-doings
And all conclude her Royal Life in Danger.

King. Bid the Physicians of the World assemble
In Consultation, solemn and sedate :
More, to corroborate their sage Resolves,
Call from their Graves the learned Men of Old :
Galen, *Hippocrates*, and *Paracelsus* ;
Doctors, Apothecaries, Surgeons, Chymists,
All ! all ! attend ; and see they bring their Med'cines,
Whole Magazines of gallipotted Nostrums,
Materializ'd in *Pharmaceutic* Order.

The Man that cures our Queen shall have our Empire.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE,

S C E N E,

A Garden.

Enter Tatlanthe and Queen.

Queen. **H**EIGH ho! my Heart!

Tat. — What ails my gracious Queen?

Queen. O would to *Venus* I had never seen!

Tat. Seen what, my Royal Mistress?

Queen. — Too, too much!

Tat. Did it affright you?

Queen. — No, 'tis nothing such.

Tat. What was it, Madam?

Queen. — Really I don't know.

Tat. It must be something!

Queen. — No!

Tat. Or nothing!

Queen. — No.

Tat. Then I conclude of Course, since it was Neither,
Nothing, and Something jumbled well together.

Queen. Oh! my *Tatlanthe*, have you never seen!

Tat. Can I guess what, unless you tell? my Queen!

Queen. The King I mean.

Tat. — Just now return'd from War:
He rides like *Mars* in his Triumphal Carr.

18. *Chrononbotontbologos.*

Conquest precedes with Laurels in his Hand ;
Behind him *Fame* does on her Tripos stand ;
Her Golden Trump shrill thro' the Air she sounds,
Which rends the Earth, and thence to Heaven re-
bounds ;

Trophies and Spoils innumerable grace
This Triumph, which all Triumphs does deface :
Haste then, great Queen ! your Hero thus to meet,
Who longs to lay his Laurels at your Feet.

Queen. — Art mad *Tatlantbe*? I meant no such
Thing.

Your Talk's distasteful.

Tat. — Didn't you name the King?

Queen. I did, *Tatlantbe*, but it was not thine ;
The charming King I mean, is only mine.

Tat. Who else, who else, but such a charming
Fair,

In *Chrononbotontbologos* should share?

The Queen of Beauty, and the God of Arms,
In him and you united blend their Charms.

Oh ! had you seen him, how he dealt out Death,
And at one stroke robb'd Thousands of their Breath :
While on the slaughter'd Heaps himself did rise,
In Pyramids of Conquest to the Skies :

The Gods all hail'd, and fain would have him stay ;

But

But your bright Charms have call'd him thence away.

Queen. This does my utmost Indignation raise:
You are too pertly lavish in his Praise.
Leave me for ever!

[*Tatlanthe Kneeling.*

Tat. ——— Oh! what shall I say?
Do not, great Queen, your Anger thus display!
O frown me dead! let me not live to hear
My gracious Queen and Mistress so severe!
I've made some horrible Mistake, no doubt;
Oh! tell me what it is!

Queen. ——— No, find it out.

Tat. No, I will never leave you; here I'll grow
Till you some Token of Forgiveness show:
Oh! all ye Powers above, come down, come down!
And from her Brow dispel that angry Frown.

Queen. *Tatlanthe* rise, you have prevail'd at last.
Offend no more, and I'll excuse what's past.

(*Tatlanthe aside.*

Tat. Why, what a Fool was I, not to perceive
her Passion for the topsy-turvy King, the Gentleman
that carries his Head where his Heels should be?
But I must tack about I see.

To the Queen.

Excuse me, gracious Madam! if my Heart

Bears Sympathy with yours in ev'ry Part;
 With you alike, I sorrow and rejoice,
 Approve your Passion, and commend your Choice,
 The Captive King!

Queen. — That's he! that's he! that's he!

I'd dye Ten thousand Deaths to set him free:

Oh! my *Tatlantbe*! have you seen his Face,

His Air, his Shape, his Mien, his ev'ry Grace,

In what a charming Attitude he stands,

How prettily he foots it with his Hands!

Well, to his Arms, no to his Legs I fly,

For I must have him, if I live or die.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE.

S C E N E,

A Bedchamber.

Chrononhotonthologos, Asleep.

[*A Concert of Rough Musick, viz.
Salt-Boxes and Rolling-Pins, Gridirons and Tongs;
Sow-Gelders Horns, Marrowbones and Cleavers,
&c. &c.*

[*He wakes.*

Cbro. **W**HAT heav'nly Sounds are these
that charm my Ears!

Sure 'tis the Musick of the tuneful Spheres.

Enter Captain of the Guards.

Cap. A Messenger from Gen'ral *Bombardinion*
Craves instant Audience of your Majesty.

Cbro. Give him Admittance.

Enter Herald.

Her. Long Life to *Chrononhotonthologos*!

Your faithful Gen'ral *Bombardinion*
Sends you his Tongue, transplanted in my Mouth,
To pour his Soul out in your Royal Ears.

Cbro. Then use thy Master's Tongue with Reve-
rence,
Nor waste it in thine own Loquacity,

But

But briefly and at large declare thy Message.

Her. Suspend a while, great *Chrononbotontologos* !
 The Fate of Empires and the Toils of War ;
 And in my Tent lets quaff *Phalernian* Wine
 Till our Souls mount and emulate the Gods.
 Two Captive Females, beauteous as the Morn,
 Submissive to your Wishes, court your Option.
 Hasten then, great King, to bless us with your Presence
 Our Scouts already watch the wish'd Approach,
 Which shall be welcom'd by the Drums dread Rattle,
 The Cannons Thunder, and the Trumplers blast ;
 While I, in Front of mighty Mirmidons,
 Receive my King in all the Pomp of War.

Cbro. Tell him I come ; my flying Steed prepare
 E're thou art half on Horse-back I'll be there.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE,

SCENE, *A Prison.*

*The King of the Antipodes discover'd
sleeping on a Couch.*

Enter *Queen.*

Queen. **I**S this a Place, Oh! all ye Gods above?
This a Reception for the Man I love?

See in what sweet Tranquility he sleeps,
While Nature's Self at his Confinement weeps.
Rise, lovely Monarch! see your Friend appear,
No *Chrononbotontologos* is here;
Command your Freedom, by this sacred Ring;
Then command me: What says my charming King?

*[She puts the Ring in his Mouth, he bends the
Sea-Crab, and makes a roaring Noise.*

Queen. What can this mean! he lays his Feet at mine,
Is this of Love or Hate, his Country's Sign?
Ah! wretched Queen! how hapless is thy Lot,
To love a Man that understands thee not!
Oh! lovely *Venus*, Goddess all Divine!
And gentle *Cupid*, that sweet Son of thine,
Assist, assist me, with your sacred Art,
And teach me to obtain this Stranger's Heart.

Venus

Venus descends in her Chariot, and sings.

A I R.

Ven. See *Venus* does attend thee,

My Dilding, my Dolding.

Love's Goddeſs will befriend thee,

Lilly bright and ſhinee.

With *Pity* and *Compaſſion*,

My Dilding, my Dolding.

She ſees thy tender *Paſſion*,

Lilly, bright and ſhinee.

Air changes.

To thee I yield my *Pow'r* divine

Dance over the Lady Lee,

Demand whate'er thou wilt, 'tis thine,

My gay Lady.

Take this magick *Wand* in Hand,

Dance, &c.

All the *World's* at thy *Command*,

My gay Lady.

Cupid descends, and ſings.

A I R.

Are you a *Widow*, or are you a *Wife*?

Gilly Flow'r, gentle Roſemary.

Or are you a *Maiden*, ſo fair and ſo bright?

As the Dew that flies over the Mulberry-Tree.

Queen.

Queen. Would I were a Widow, as I am a Wife,

Gilly Flow'r, gentle Rosemary.

But I'm to my Sorrow, a Maiden as bright,

As the Dew that flies over the Mulberry-Tree.

Cupid. You shall be a Widow before it is Night,

Gilly Flow'r, gentle Rosemary.

No longer a Maiden so fair and so bright,

As the Dew that flies over the Mulberry-Tree.

Two jolly young Husbands your Person shall share,

Gilly Flow'r, gentle Rosemary.

And twenty fine Babies all lovely and fair,

As the Dew that flies over the Mulberry-Tree.

Queen. O Thanks, Mr. Cupid! for this your good
News,

Gilly Flow'r, gentle Rosemary.

What Woman alive would such Favours refuse?

While the Dewit flies over the Mulberry-Tree.

*Venus and Cupid re-ascend; the Queen goes off, and
the King of the Antipodes follows, walking on his
Hands.*

[Scene closes.]

D

SCENE.

S C E N E,

*Bombardinion's Tent.**King and Bombardinion, at a Table, with two Ladies of Pleasure.**Bomb.* **T**HIS Honour, Royal Sir! so Royalizes

The Royalty of your most Royal Actions,
 The Dumb can only utter forth your Praise;
 For we, who speak, want Words to tell our Meaning.
 Here! fill the Goblet with *Pbalernian* Wine,
 And, while our Monarch drinks, bid the shrill
 Trumpet

Tell all the Gods, that we propine their Healths.

King. Hold, *Bombardinion*, I esteem it fit,
 With so much Wine, to eat a little Bit.

Bomb. See that the Table instantly be spread,
 With all that Art and Nature can produce.
 Traverse from Pole to Pole; sail round the Globe,
 Bring every Eatable that can be eat:

The King shall eat, tho' all Mankind be starv'd.

Cook. I am afraid his Majesty will be starv'd, before I can run round the World, for a Dinner; besides, where's the Money?

King. Ha! dost thou prattle, contumacious Slave?
 Guards, seize the Villain? broil him, fry him, stew him;
 Ourselves

Ourselves shall eat him out of mere Revenge.

Cook. O pray, your Majesty, spare my Life ;
there's some nice cold Pork in the Pantry: I'll hash
it for your Majesty in a Minute.

Cbro. Be thou first hash'd in Hell, audacious Slave.

[*Kills him, and turns to Bombardinion,*

Hash'd Pork! shall *Chrononbotontologos*
Be fed with Swine's Flesh, and at Second-hand?
Now, by the Gods! thou dost insult us, General!

Bomb. The Gods can witness, that I little thought
Your Majesty to other Flesh than this

[*Pointing to the Ladies.*

Had ought the very least Propensity.

King. Is this a Dinner for a hungry Monarch?

Bomb. Monarchs, as great as *Chrononbotontologos*,
Have made a very hearty Meal of worse.

King. Ha! Traitor! dost thou brave me to my Teeth?
Take this Reward, and learn to mock thy Master.

[*Strikes him.*

Bomb. A Blow! shall *Bombardinion* take a Blow?
Blush! Blush, thou Sun! Start back thou rapid Ocean!
Hills! Vales! Seas! Mountains! all commixing
crumble

And into *Chaos* pulverize the World ;
For *Bombardinion* has receiv'd a Blow,
And *Chrononbotontologos* shall die.

[*Draws.*

[The Women run off, crying, Help, Murder, &c.]

King. What means the Traitor?

Bomb. ——— Traitor in thy Teeth,
Thus I defy thee!

[They Fight, ——— he kills the King,

——— Ha! What have I done?

Go, call a Coach, and let a Coach be call'd;
And let the Man that calls it be the Caller;
And, in his Calling, let him nothing call,
But Coach! Coach! Coach! Oh! for a Coach, ye
Gods! *(Exit Raving.*

Returns with a Doctor.

Bomb. How fares your Majesty?

Doct. — My Lord, he's dead. *[Feeling his Pulse.*

Bomb. Ha! Dead! impossible! it cannot be!
I'd not believe it, tho' himself should swear it.
Go join his Body to his Soul again,
Or, by this Light, thy Soul shall quit thy Body.

Doct. My Lord, he's far beyond the Pow'r of
Phylick;
His Soul has left his Body and this World.

Bomb. Go thou to to'ther World and fetch it back.

[Kills him.]

And, if I find thou triflest with me there,
I'll chace thy Shade through Myriads of Orbs,

And

And drive thee far beyond the Verge of Nature.

Ha! — Call'st thou *Chrononbotanthologos*?

I come! your faithful *Bombardition* comes!

He comes in Worlds unknown to make new Wars,

And gain thee Empires num'rous as the Stars.

[*Kills himself.*

Enter Queen and Others.

Aldi. O horrid! horrible, and horrid'st Horror!

Our King! our General! our Cook! our Doctor!

All dead! Stone dead! irrecoverably dead!

O——h! — [All Groan, a Tragedy Groan.

Queen. My Husband dead! Ye Gods! what it'st

you mean,

To make a Widow of a Virgin Queen?

For, to my great Misfortune, he, poor King,

Has left me so; e'ent that a wretched Thing?

Tat. Why then, dear Madam! make no farther

Pother,

Were I your Majesty, I'd try another.

Queen. I think 'tis best to follow thy Advice.

Tat. I'll fit you with a Husband in a Trice:

Here's *Rigdum-Funnidos* a proper Man;

If any one can please a Queen, he can.

Rig-Fun. Ay, that I can, and please your Majesty.

So, Ceremonies apart, let's proceed to Business.

Queen.

Queen. Oh! but the Mourning takes up all my Care,
I'm at a Loss what kind of Weeds to wear.

Rig-Fan. Never talk of Mourning Madam,
One Pound of Mirth is worth a Pound of Sorrow,
Let's wed to Night, and then we'll wed To-morrow.
I'll make thee a great Man, my little *Phoscophorny*.

[*Aside to Aldiborontiphoscophornio.*

Aldi. I scorn your Bounty, I'll be King, or
nothing.

Draw Miscreant! Draw!

Rig. ——— No, Sir, I'll take the Law! ———

(*Runs behind the Queen.*

Queen. Well, Gentlemen, to make the Matter easy,
I'll have you both; and that, I hope, will please ye.

And now, *Tatlanthe*, thou art all my Care:

Where shall I find thee such another Pair.

Pity that you, who've serv'd so long, so well,

Shou'd die a Virgin, and lead Apes in Hell.

Chuse for yourself, dear Girl, our Empire round,

Your Portion is Twelve hundred thousand Pound.

Aldi. Here! take these dead and bloody Folks
away;

4. AP. 54

Make Preparation for our Wedding-Day.

Instead of sad Solemnity, and Black,

Our Hearts shall swim in Claret, and in Sack.

F I N I S.

